

**CANADIAN BASE
DEPOT**

ROUELLES

**CAMP
MAGAZINE**

VOL. 2.

OCTOBER 1916

Price : 1 Franc.

**EUROPEAN
WAR
1914. 1915. 1916.**



F.E. BLOOMFIELD P.R.L.I. "CANADIANS"

To Mother
From John.

1874
1875

THE ROUELLES CAMP MAGAZINE

Canadian Base Depot, Havre.

October 1916

Printed by kind permission of

Lieut.-Colonel E. B. WORTHINGTON, Officer Commanding CANADIAN BASE DEPOT.

Passed by Head Censor. Havre.

Price : 1 Franc.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor. R. S. M. Burney.

Business Manager. Sgt. Wayland.

Magazine Committee.

Capt. Hilay

Capt. Earp

Lieut. Croft

Sgt. Kedwads

EDITORIAL

We offer apologies to our readers for having suspended publication of the Rouelles Camp Magazine since our issue of last April. We can assure them that this delay has not sprung from a failing interest in our little Mag., on the part of either contributors or patrons. It is due, firstly, to an inevitable break-up in our editorial staff, caused by the promotion of several of its members, who have been summoned to other parts of France, and secondly, to a material increase of work at the camp. The area under canvas has had to be extended of late to accomodate an ever-growing concourse of Canadian troops ; both of new levies and casuals. In fact the Base is now a Military Depot of considerable magnitude, reflecting more appropriately the extent of

Canada's efforts and contributions in the Empire's cause. But the carrying out of these arrangements has called for much additional time and thought on the part of the Staff.

The contents of this issue, we feel sure, will interest our readers especially those who desire real, intimate glimpses into the lives of our Tommies, not fictitious get-ups by writers of a facile imagination but of no actual experience. Our staff is being reorganized, and the new plans made for succeeding issues gives us confidence in promising our readers an ever-improving Magazine.

AU REVOIR MON CHER PAUL

Of the several changes in the personnel of our Editorial staff no vacancy do we find so difficult to fill as that caused by the absence of the originator and moving spirit of the Magazine — Captain Goforth.

He was the flesh, blood and bones of the entire outfit. Without him it is like beginning all over again. A conscientious, loyal, painstaking and hard-working officer, the former Editor-in-Chief was obliged, on account of ill health, to leave for England. While in "Good Old Blighty" he was sent before a Medical Board, who recommended a few month's leave in God's Country.

May the clear skies and pure ozone of our land in the west restore him shortly to his former pristine vigor. We wish him every good luck et le meilleur de bonne fortune.

And the Lord said unto Paul "go forth" and he went fifth and won the race.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR? CONTRIBUTED BY THE CHAPLAIN

Capt. D. J. HILEY

This is a crucial question that needs to be asked and answered. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick". The War drags on, and even now after twenty months of struggle, the end does not appear to be in sight; so that we may easily forget to ask the questions, "Why are we fighting", "What are we fighting for". That the heart may be sustained and not grow sick with hope deferred, we need to go back again and again to the beginning, before a shot was fired, before those anxious days when a schoolboy shot a Crown Prince. It seems a small

matter but it tured out to be the match which put Europe in flames. Those are the days we need to be acquainted with to get replies to the " Why " and " Where for ". The record of those days is clear. The conduct of Sir Edward Grey, viewed in the lurid light of 18 months of red ruin, was all that could be desired. It was the struggle of a great strong man for the peace of the world. The boy killed the heir to the Austrian Throne, Austria made her great demands on Serbia, which did not err on the side of moderation. Serbia complied with nine out of ten, and was open to discuss the tenth. Sir Edward Grey pleaded with Austria for time so that Russia could speak more clearly and she was ready to speak clearly. That being rejected, he pleaded with Germany for a conference of the Powers, so that the appeal to the dread arbitrement of War might be avoided, and the World saved from the greatest tragedy in its long history. Germany with a word could have held back the dogs of War, but this also she deliberately refused to do. So far there was no reason why England should take a part in the war, but other things happened.

(Facts) We cannot see all quite clearly yet, but at least two things emerge quite clearly : first, that for long years Germany had resolved on the destruction of her neighbours, East and West ; secondly, that she would halt at no atrocity to realise her fiendish purpose, it is in connection with this second clear thing that we British get involved, for the first atrocity she comitted to realise her diabolical ends was the violation of Belgian neutrality, the thing that Germany had pledged herself, and sworn in treaty obligations, to protect. That Oath of Germany was regarded as a mere scrap of paper, and ceased to be binding on her when it challenged her lust for power, and what she thought was a short and quick cut to Paris. The only way she was entitled to go was through Verdun at which barred way she has hurled herself in vain up to the present hour. In that same treaty we also were pledged ; we also had sworn to protect the neutrality of Belgium to the last penny of our money, and the last drop of our blood. Could we then keep out of the War ? Would we keep out of it ? Germany thought we would. For long years she has thought of us as a decadent people, living on the reputation of our heroic fathers, who had given us a Place in the Sun. She also reasoned that our hands were full, that Ireland was on the eve of revolution, that South Africa would use the emergency to break away, that India would follow her lead, and that Australia and Canada would forsake their Mother in the hour of her trial. Germany thought that for some subtle diplomatic reason England would back out.

Britain might have stood out, but at what cost ? At the cost of her honour. Her name would have stunk in the nostrils of all free

Nations, as the Power that refused the Cross, and for the sake of ease and self interest sacrificed to a barbarous Military despotism a small Nation she had sworn to protect. To keep out would have been for Britain to follow the example of Germany, to treat her pledged word as a scrap of paper, to be the Judas among nations, and to hold the thirty pieces of silver, the price of blood in her fist. Although the horrors of this war have no parallel, we today thank God that our Government took the path of Honour and Duty, and generations yet unborn will thank God that we did not sell our Birthright. There is a thing dearer than peace and life and that is the Honour of a Nation. If we sacrificed our very existence in the struggle, we could not lose it in a better cause.

Huns' fatal error. It has been said that this is a war of ideas. Germany stands for the idea that Might is Right. The God of Germany today is a fierce, savage, tribal war lord, whose attributes are rage, revenge, and lust, and not the God revealed in Christ. The ethics of the sermon on the mount are openly scorned as the sayings of a sickly sentimentalist ; not " Blessed are the meek " but " Blessed are the Mighty " not " Blessed are the peacemakers " but " Blessed are the Warmakers ". Hence Germany challenges the very principles upon which all Christian civilization is built, and England stands for, and fights for, the principle that Right is might, we shall certainly win.

“ For right is right, since God is God ”
“ And right the day must win ” ;
“ To doubt would be disloyalty ”,
“ To falter would be Sin ”.

BATTALION ORDERS BY

LIEUT.-COL. U. TINHAT, COMMANDING 24th CANADIAN
UNDERGROUND ARTILLERY



June 32nd 2319

PART 1

Orderly Officer for tomorrow	Major I. A. M. Allin
Next for Duty	Capt. S. O. Meguy
Battalion Orderly Sergeant for tomorrow .	Sgt B. I. G. Feet

214. REVEILLE. — Reveille will not be sounded as all ranks are expected to be awake by 10.30 A. M.

215. PARADE. — (a). 4.30 A. M. — The Battery will parade in Bathing suits. (Sandles and smoke helmets will be worn) for inspection by the Sergeant shoemaker, with a view to selecting suitable Candidates for the Hythe Hat Trimming Course.

(b). 7.00 A. M. — All Sergeants wishing promotion to the ranks will parade with their credentials to the Post Sergeant who will register them and pass them on to the G. O. G. for disposal.

(c). 10.00 A. M. — The Paymaster will pay all hands on the Quarter Deck commencing with the C. O. in the Guard Room at 10 a. m. and finishing with the Water Detail on the ranges at 10.30.

(d). 11.15 A. M. — All men will parade before the Medical Officer with their pets to have same inoculated. Men suffering from rats (Tame or Wild) will fall in on the right, while those with Hedge Hogs will fall in on the left.

(e). 12 NOON. — General Inspection by the Sergeant Cook. At this Parade the Padre will inspect all men's kits to see that no man has a complete sock in his possission.

(f). 5.34 P. M. — OFFICERS PARADE. All Officers below the rank of batman will parade with their wives for tea at the cook-house. The practice of saving tea leaves by Officers must cease.

216. STANDING ORDERS. — Attention is once again for the first time drawn to Standing Order C. B. I. F. P. of which the following are extracts.

(a). " Any man found on the march with more than one pack on " will be severely dealt with. "

(b). " Any Officer or man found in possession of tinned milk, weather " condensed or not will upon conviction be liable to be sent back to " Canada. "

217. DISCIPLINE. — The Commanding Officer notices with displeasure the parctice of men saluting one another. This must cease.

PART 2

33. PUNISHMENTS. — Bombardier Blank File was this day sentenced to six months C. B. for refusing to parade for pay when ordered to do so.

Gunner Smartman was this day sentenced by a F. G. C. M. to three days Physical Jerks for neglecting to whitewash the Last Post.

(signed) H. O. TSTUFF.

Lieut. & Adjt.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Ever-living, ever-loving Lord,
We have known Thy faithfulness of yore ;
Seeking not, nor looking for reward,
Here and now we worship and adore.

Teach us all the lessons that we need,
Make us willing ever for Thy will
Fill our hung'ring souls with bread indeed,
Keep us true and faithful servants still,

Show us all the needs of Thy great world,
'Teach us where to go and what to do,
Though Satanic Banners are unfurled,
Thine the Power, Lord, make us pow'rful too,

Help us all to wrestle and to fight.
Knowing well that we at last shall win,
Where the world is dark, Lord, let the light
Shine upon the blackness of its sin.

Pte. H. EGAR, P. P. C. L. I.

No. 475454.

DIARY of Visits of Distinguished Personages

since last issue.

Thursday 13 th. April 1916,

Today all feel *en fête* as we are expecting the High Commissioner of Canada to England.

Yes, they have come, Sir George and Lady Perley. About 100 of the boys with a long rope were waiting down the hill for the motor. The car is stopped, the rope attached and, headed by the Pipers and Drums the triumphal march begins.

Oh it was so nice to see our London Representative and his lady — the first Canadian Woman to visit the Camp. Sir George addressed the boys and took all our hearts by storm. They went all around the Camp, spending some two hours : and, when good-bye was said we wished them “ God speed and come again ”.

April 21 st. 1916.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig G. C. B., and Staff.

May 20 th. 1916.

H. R. H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and party.

May 30 th. 1916.

Surgeon General Carleton Jones. C. M. G. A. D. M. S.

Jun 16 th. 1916.

Hon : Chase Casgrain, Postmaster General of Canada, and Madame Casgrain.

August 7 th. 1916.

Messrs. G. W. Allen, Winnipeg ; Roy Campbell, Montreal ; W. F. Hatheway, St. John N. B. ; and J. W. Woods, Toronto, Members of the Canadian Trade Delegation to France.

Say boys this was some visit. The Canucks spent the afternoon, which from our view point was all too short, and had dinner. They made a tour of the Camp, and then each Member made a short address to the boys, who listened seated on the parade ground.

14 th. July 1916.

The National Day of La Belle France, and the Anniversary of the Storming of the Bastille in 1789 during the French Revolution.

M. Carton de Wiart, the world famous Belgian Minister of Justice, Madame Carton de Wiart, and M. René Bazin, one of “ the immortals ” of the Académie française.

As there were a number of French Canadians in Camp, the gentleman kindly consented to address the boys in their mother tongue.

M. Bazin told them how their forebears had left Normandy in the 17 th. and 18 th. Centuries ; and today their descendants had come at the call and in loyalty to England to defend the land of their ancestors. He said he had made a voyage to Canada, and visited many Canadian Hômes on the shores of the St. Lawrence in the counties of Montmargny and Montmorency. “ Believe me, my Canadian friends ” he concluded, “ France is grateful to you. The war has made new friendships among nations and has reunited old.

Glory is not a vain word, but is real and true. You are in the place demanded by your conscience, and doing your duty well and man fully.

You will have honour among your countrymen and your children will look with pride on the father who has risked his life in fighting for two great countries in the cause of freedom and civilization ”.

The French Canadians jumped to their feet and enthusiastically cheered.

Before the departure of our distinguished guests, the orchestra played “ La Brabançonne ”, “ La Marseillaise ” and “ God Save the King ”.

A GLAD HOME-COMING

Contributed by Staff Sgt Christel

When I come home to you, dear,
What will your welcome be ?
Tried by long months of waiting
Will you have changed to me ?
Or will your love have grown, dear,
A stronger, purer tie,
Cause of those months of waiting
That've pass'd so slowly by ?

When I come home to you, dear,
What will your welcome be ?
The hours you've found so weary
How dread they've been for me !
Yet, 'midst the noise of battle,
One hope has urged me on,
And that fond hope I'll cherish till
My work is wholly done.

When you come home to me, dear,
My heart will gladden'd be ;
The long, long months of waiting
Have made me yearn for thee ;
Though weary are the lonesome hours,
To you I still belong
God bring you home to me, dear,
And crown my life with song.

JOCK'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

By W. J. STILL

A tragic experience once befell me when a Private in the "Fighting Thirteenth". The recounting of it may interest as well as forewarn other soldiers -- especially those who are new to the game, and more impetuous than the men who have carried the "trench smell" for months.

Half of our platoon, including myself, had been detailed to fill up a gap in the first line of trenches. The other two sections remained in supports. It being late in the evening we in the front line, were "standing to". The artillery on both sides was bang-banging with its usual regularity -- the British guns always returning the enemy's salvos with compound interest. No moon was visible, but the sky was lit up with the refulgence of star shells. Suddenly these died out, giving place to an uncanny blackness. We all looked at each other with the silent enquiry "Whats Up"? Then the order was passed for all but a few to retire to the support trenches.

"What the Deuce is the game now"? was asked

"Damned if I know"? came the reply.

Nothing happened for a few minutes, which were spent in alert expectancy; so we sat down on the earthen benches lining the trench wall, clinching our rifles between our knees.

In a purposeless sort of way I slipped my hand to the muzzle of my rifle and found, to my horror, that the bayonet stud had broken off, the mouth of the bore bent in and the bayonet itself all wobbly. Ye Gods! what a pickle to be in if the Huns should "come over" with nothing but bombs and a rifle butt for weapons. And bombs would probably be useless and perilous to my confrères under those circumstances.

"I simply *must* find another rifle" I exclaimed, and pondered how it could be done. Suddenly a bright thought flashed across my brain,

I had noticed three spare rifles leaning up against the parapet in the front line. I would go and get one. It was dark but I knew my way.

Feeling along the communication trench towards the objective, I became aware of certain new and unnoticed features and bends in it also that it was much more lengthy than I had usually found it. "Hang it all, surely I have'n't lost myself" I muttered. Just then, as I hesitated in the darkness, I became abruptly aware of the presence of a very large and husky soldier, who I had never noticed before in the battalion.

I asked him "Did you happen to notice three spare rifles knocking about here"?

He came close up to me, brought his face almost against mine, puckered his brows and uttered a short guttural exclamation which I didn't understand. Then I saw the white of his eyes. He grabbed my defenceless person with his big arms and yelled, in German, to his comrades — four of whom came running up.

“ Good Night Shirt ”. I had wandered into the German lines — Me, unwounded and a Kilty. Exciting prospects opened up. But before I could realize them I woke up with a start to find myself in a hospital at Boulogne with a bandaged leg.

HINTS ON EATS

As all Soldiers should know something of the Noble Art of Cooking, the following Recipes are published for the Benefit of those shortly proceeding to the Trenches : — We trust they will prove of use.

TRENCH TRIFLE (Very special).— When unobserved take 2 1/2 tins of Bully Beef from the Sergeant-Major's Dug-Out (and anything else you take a fancy to) put the Bully Beef into a Sand Bag, spray gently with vermin sprayer until the whole turns Green ; to this add slowly six noodles taken from Newly Laid Ducks Eggs. Let the mixture rest, but not sleep. After two hours add a small quantity of Grated Sand and pour into an old boot (Issue Pattern). Simmer gently over a fire and serve on newspaper or old letters.

PRUSSIAN PUDDING.— Take two rolls of finely minced barbed wire, add half a peck of sifted sand, to which one pint of rifle oil has been added, roll same into paste, boil over a candle for two hours and allow to cool ; add the juice of two periscopes, and shake the whole until it shows signs of fatigue. Serve in bulk after having added “ Hard Tacks ” to taste.

DISCIPLINE SOUP.— Take two quarts of water from under the nearest bath mat, remove all foreign matter by straining through a rifle barrel, catch two eggs and tie them to the Listening Post, beat them unmercifully and throw then in a knapsack to which has been previously put one kilometer of Condensed Milk. To this mixture pour the strained water and bring gently to a boil ; add the contents of one air pillow and sweat the whole with three bugle calls. Served in an old hat.

NECTAR SALAD. — Take one pair of cow's horns, chop same into fine powder and mix with 4 oz of best dubbin. To this add one pint of red ink and indent for 6 lbs of ice (if this cannot be obtained, you will have to do without your salade) and serve in powdered ice garnished with horse-radish and the breast of two water melons.

THE CAST SHEATH

By Corporal CONSANDINE, 47 th. London Div.

Theres a roll in the name La Bassee, a three fold beat on a drum,
A moan from the wilder thunder of deliverence which shall come.
When the French leap out of their trenches with the spirit of brave St. Jean
At the long white snakes of the Prussian lines, and they shall not fare alone
We have a cause, aye a true one, and each may the Lord defend,
Then at least or most I will live to boast the price I've set on a friend

You should witness the blaze of poppies where the German sniper lay
With the cornflowers quieting heliotrope, a pageant of summers day,
Its a stage by the hand of Spencer, yes a scene from the Mort d'Arthus,
And standing upon the firing ledge was the knight men called the Ruse
He uttered a short unhappy cry ere I heard the report of fire.
Then he fell on my breast to die, twas best, we were boys in a country choir

I carried him back to the village, the stretcher bearers were ill,
Or so I told the Lieutenant, for I wanted to hold him still.
When I got to the dressing station he looked so frail on the floor
In the riding breeks that a bombardier chase had sold him a week before,
I did the orderlies work myself, I dabbed the blood from his head
" You can carry him round to the burial ground " was all that the doctor said.

So I laid him down by the orchard for the pioneers to find
Then said Good Bye, and shook hands hard before I could leave him behind
As I passed by the sad and shattered church I remembered a distant spire
And the bells a clear soprano voice too airy and light to tire.
They followed me promising better things in a future cold and dim
But what cared I, it were sweet to die in a world devoid of him

There was a space that night in our dugout, but I slept close up to the wall
And smoothed his pack for a pillow in the place where he used to sprawl.
We were scouts of sorts, we patrolled at nights and at dark we would stand-to
That was why he had clinched the artillery bags, entanglements let them through
So I set out that lonely night and for company dont you know
I turned my face to that lonely place where the thickest poppies grow

And at two o'clock in the morning, a shadow fell on the scene
It carried a mauser rifle and it smoked, it felt so serene.
When it came to the well worn hollow I mad watched that all night long
It abandoned the smoke and regaled itself with a soft melodious song
I said good morning Ludwig but its beastly dark and cold
So he dropped his gun like a well trained Hun and crawled as he was told

He was properly keen on mercy and cherished a furtive glance
At the muzzle of my revolver, but it never offered a chance
Then he rolled himself up in a wire, my bayonet began to prick
So he wriggled out of the wire and made attempts to be sick.
With a mutter of resignation he tried to kick out my brain
But I brought my butt on his wayward foot and he gave no trouble again

This is not an amusing story. I took my prisoner round
To show him a bloody sandbag and point to the popped ground.
Then he grovelled and screamed for mercy in his faltering foreign tongue
Till the men rushed out of their dugouts and each to his rifle sprung
They calmed him down, and marched him off to a glorious English shire
He'll have dinner at one, a gramophone, a bath and beer and fire

But the life of that lad, that sportsman, his dirty bullet hit
The pioneer said Your pals buried, he looked fine in his gunners kit
And you've buried my heart beside him I said as they went away
For I mean what I said, I shall have no heart when our General chooses the day
There's a roar in the name La Basse like the voice of a Seventy-five
Does a cannon care? does it swerve to spare? Nor I while I stand alive.

THE HEROINE

It was on a cold and dreary night that it happened, one of the many that had prevailed for the past month. But it was the "Night of all Nights". Great things happen daily, almost hourly but no event was ever more keenly anticipated than that for which the "Blankshires" were now waiting. Never did any troops in Flanders or Belgium look forward with such eagerness or screw their nerves to higher tension. At last here was the Great moment looked forward to, from the Colonel down to the lowliest Private. Word had been passed along "Steady Boys" the great moment is at hand.

Bets were made as to the issue. Five Franc notes had changed hands or been ticked up against the Gamblers pay. Dead silence reigned in the "Blankshires" Trenches. It seemed as if the very elements understood the happenings of that particular night, for not a breath of wind was felt. The moon in sympathy had partially hidden its radiance behind a misty bank of cloud. Even the rats were sympathetic, for not a one disturbed the stillness of the night.

Ah! a shrill whistle sounded on the still night. With a bound every man got to his firing position. A voice broke the silence, said one word, and then: — Cheers have been given from the beginning of the world but never such a cheer as left the throats of that gallant band of men. It lifted to the sky and rolled like the tune of a thousand guns. Star shells appeared by the dozens and shells began to fall around that gallant band of men, but still that fervent cheer continued to sound. The tension had a last relaxed and relief would have its course.

The Regiment's Pet Cat had presented 3 Kittens.

By L/Cpl. ELLIS.

4 th. Battn.
Canadians.

BACK HOME



What matter if you trudge several miles in the dead of night with a pack weighing something like sixty pounds, what matter if you are cramped for space and the carriage seat is hard and uninviting? You are on your way to "Blighty". Back home after many weary months. Think what the words: "Back Home" mean to those lads who are giving body and soul for their Empire. Think what it means to get away from the crash of guns, if only for eight or ten days, to meet loved ones, to feel the joys of civilisation once more running through you veins. It is a sheer impossibility to understand the meaning unless you have seen something of their life over yonder.

The morning is bitterly cold and the men are impatient for the train to move on. Then comes the scramble for carriages, the shouts of joy, the friendly barter; you are back almost to College quadrangle. Back home; What a whirl of pleasure these words mean! We move off in the darkness, but very soon day is breaking. Never perhaps was that "good hour of cock-crow" so welcome as it was on that Sunday morning "somewhere in France". The sound of the guns grew fainter and fainter. The sun was kindly and the whole of nature seemed to enter the buoyant spirit of those lads who were out to enjoy a brief rest. "Back Home"!

We soon got talking and we drifted into reminiscences, — reminiscences of the firing line, — this or that lucky escape, — with speculations as to how long the war will last. And then one fellow produced a copy of a London Daily containing a report of the shirker and the conscientious objectors tribunals. This gave rise to a heated discussion and some very hard things were said.

"Yes", I said, "I should like to show these worms, for they are worms and no men, some of the sights I saw only the other week. I should like to have shown them a wrecked farm-house where all hands were busy in order to recover the bodies of two Belgian women, — one only a slip of a lass. I should like them to see that Field Dressing Station that I saw the other day, where those brave stretcher-bearers were "anointing the wounds with oil". It would have perhaps moved them to compassion if they had looked into the face of that nameless hero whose life was passing swiftly away, — Can I help you? — "A little bit o' baccy Mate".

My conscience forbids me to help a wounded soldier! If he is not an arch-liar a lethal chamber is the place for him. The irony of it all is, — that whereas the flower of Britain is being maimed and broken they are allowed to cumber the earth.

But we are getting up speed and another hour or so will see us within the sight of the sea. As we proceed, we become less talkative. They are just tired, for it must be remembered that in the trenches there is no day nor night, it is watch and guard all the time. They fall asleep until we pull up at a wayside station. They are nearing their destination. Then there is fun; they chaff the apple-woman in bad French, who retaliate in broken English. But at last we arrive at the half-way house. The train has not yet pulled up but in their excitement they jump; afraid almost that they may be left behind. "Back home"!

They were a fine bunch of fellows, the type that makes you feel proud of your Empire. As I said good-bye to them, for I had to travel further by rail, I wondered if in our travels we should ever cross each other's path again. The last I saw of them was as they lined up for "Blighty", hope and expectation running high. Poor lads, they have done their bit and will do more, and he would be a poor specimen who was not filled with sympathy, (I was about to say admiration), at the sight, knowing full well that they must return ere long "up the line". But this reflection doesn't trouble them, — not a bit of it.

In the last stage of my journey I fall in with quite a different lot. They are not from the firing line, they are being transferd to the Base. They are boys of the same calibre however, and are equally prepared to sacrifice everything for their beloved land.

Finally after much wandering and much tarrying, I reach the Canadian Base Depot. "Another five days before your Warrant comes through for England". I am not sure whether I was altogether disappointed! Long months of incessant bombardment and lousy barns, and a long sleepless train journey made a rest welcome. And it was a rest! On the morning after my arrival I discovered many glorious walks. The contrast of the previous week; the roar of cannon and all the works of hell let loose made one think. There was something of peace as you listened to the birds giving glory to God, something of peace as you viewed the profusion of daffodils and primroses.

It was a kindly welcome I had at the Base Depot. When I think of the Commanding Officer and the welcome he extended, I am tempted to recall a happy phrase from R. L. Stevensons's College memories. Speaking of one of his Professors, he said: "I never knew but on other man who had (if you will permit the phrase) so kind a spectacle".

On the day of my departure from the Canadian Base Depot I had the privilege of seeing many sturdy fellows march off for the firing line, some I dare say to lay down their lives. I shall never forget the words of the Commanding Officer. It was difficult at times to believe he was addressing troops; it was more of a fatherly talk from one ripe with experience. How he exhorted them to be always of good courage

like their predecessors and how with almost a tremor in his voice, he pointed the British way to them ! Then followed the Chaplain, and his prayer was indeed a manly appeal to heaven and to the men, to keep the Empires honor high.

Do you think that these lads as they marched off felt any timidity ? Not a bit of it ! Endless singing and chaffing ! Whate'er betide, they will play the game.

And for myself, — “ Back Home ”. London, with all its allurements and all its fascinations ! In the quiet of that vast Cathedral, which is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, you listen to the pealing of the organ, and then your thoughts carry you back just over the way and you remember, as you bend the knee, those who are listening to something else.

J. F. CADENHEAD

16 (Canadian Scottish).

TOMMY'S ALPHABET

- “ A ” is for “ Argyll ” that fine Highland Clan
who voted for rum right down to a man.
- “ B ” is “ Biscuit ” we get in the trench.
it's cursed at in English, German and French.
- “ C ” is the “ Censor ” who must know ere this
a cross is a cross and a kiss is a kiss.
- “ D ” is the “ Dugout ” that gives us the habit
of dodging about like a paralysed rabbit.
- “ E ” is an “ Easter Egg ” laid by a louse
now there's a family, my shirts their house.
- “ F ” is for “ Flanders ” according to wags
it used to be here but now its in bags.
- “ G ” are the “ Gumboots ” that seem very neat
till your head comes down “ whack ” and up go your feet.
- “ H ” is for “ Huns ” who are devils to roam
and till Belgium is “ Hunless ” we'll never get home.
- “ I ” was an “ Idiot ” — thought he'd be brave
stood on the parapet, he's now in his grave.
- “ J ” is the “ Jam ” we all have to grapple
God knows we are fed up with Damson and Apple.
- “ K ” is an army composed of the best
we wish they'd come out and give us a rest.

- “ L ” is the place — well you known where I mean
where defaulters etc. are oft to be seen.
- “ M ” is the “ Medico ” whom I personally hate
He gave me a “ 9 ” instead of an “ 8 ”.
- “ N ” is the “ noise ” that is made by a shell
it goes up to Heaven and brings us down hell.
- “ O ” is the “ Offensive ” we are starting on now
its even worse than “ unearthing ” a cow.
- “ P ” is the “ Piper ” who pipes just for fun
and makes the Bosche glad he’s only a Hun.
- “ Q ” is the “ Question ” you might answer fast
How long is this blooming war going to last.
- “ R ” is the “ Rum that is dished out to you
it you cannot stand one well you cannot “ S tand To ”.
- “ S ” is a Star-shell bound for the moon
as it quietly goes up, you quietly “ got doon ”.
- “ T ” is the drink we are now getting here
its rotten to know the Germans get beer.
- “ U ” are the person the sniper is after
its “ Odds on ” he’ll get you and then theres no laughter.
- “ V ” is the backsight you look through to shoot
the Hun he knows it, and snipes you, the brute.
- “ W ” is for “ Wiring ” a very fine job
till you get on the shins what was meant for the stob.
- “ X ” as letters are no bally good
lets pretend they are charcoal for cooking the food.
- “ Y ” is for “ Ypres ” surrounded by Snipers
pronounce it as you like but, we call it Wypers.
- “ Z ” are the “ Zeppelins ” seen in the skies
they never come near us, the statement lies.

“ TOMMY ”

“ Tommy ” is a word in our language with which to conjure, and one which brings before our imaginations a man who, at his best, is unexcelled. At his best !!! Yes, and at less than his best, for he, like all other mortals, has his faults. Faithful unto death, and cheerful under all conditions, he is often the inspiration of his officers, and his good humour at all times sheds a glamour over the darkest hour.

“ Tommy ” — it calls to our minds the Khaki - clad legions of Greater Britain, coming forth to do their bit for their country. He comes from all stations of life, and from every corner of our vast Empire. People said he was engrossed in money-making, or too fond of pleasure, and would never make a soldier, but he comes in answer to a call which bids him rise superior to danger, suffering, and death, for his country and everything he holds good and true. Very often he lays aside a position in civil life which promises him prosperity and all that the heart could wish. He leaves it for what? To undergo arduous, monotonous training, to endure all the discomforts of camp and trench existence, and perhaps, at the end to give up his life for his country.

But that is not the side of the shield upon which we should fix our gaze. “ Tommy ” leaves his home and all that it means for things that are not material. He leaves it to follow a vision; a vision of his country glorious, standing for right; the abode of men who are strong enough to fight for a great idea, who need no knotted lash to drive them into battle.

“ Tommy ”, Your country will never forget you and yours; You have come forward to do your “ bit ”, and to endure whatever your lot may bring you and we will all do our share.

Fill your glasses:

Here's to “ Tommy ”, “ the very best ”.

AN ADMIRER.

TO THE TUNE OF “ ROW. ROW. ROW. ”

Oh its rum, rum, rum,

If you'r in my Crush you'll get none, none, none,

From the quartermasters stores

Its issued now and then, but they water it and

Water it, and water it again.

And then you come come, come,

To draw your ration of this weak diluted rum

For you draw it in a tin but by gad it's pretty

Thin, but still it's rum, rum, rum.

???

We were much pleased to see our dear old friend Lt-Col. E. E. W. M., who came to the C. B. D. in charge of a draft.

While here he made valiant efforts to learn French (?).

On his way back to the boat, passing an imposing mansion in Havre, with a high stone wall before it, on which near the gate, was lettered in big capitals "DEFENSE D'AFFICHER". He remarked "Defense d'affichier", I suppose some important officier belonging to the department of defense resides there !!

Uncle Wenty, you were born in Hamilton Ontario !!!

A man to be succesful should have the patience of Job, the energy of Roosevelt, the thrift of Harry Lauder, the nerve of John W. Gates, the tact of Taft, the watchfulness of Wilson, the industry of Edison, the Vocabulary of Billy Sunday and (last but not least) a wife who'll keep him in nights.

A young soldier from New Brunswick coming before his C. O. for a minor offence was given 7 days "C. B." Leaving the Orderly Room he said to the escort "What's C. B." where are they going to send me The escort explained that 7 days C. B. meant confinement to barracks for that period. "Oh" the young soldier said "I was afraid they were going to send me to Cape Breton. I was there once and nearly starved to death".

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE (Original)

Dear Sir.— Pte Louis Jouvenet, N° 100086, 9th B ask permission to be absent from the Barrack for fews hours tho go down the Havre for the purpose to bought something for my brother in front.

Recommand by :

VERY STARTLING INDEED

Perhaps the question of "Breakfast in Bed" should not be mentioned, but the decision of the Mess Committee reminds me of a story I once heard in the wilds of Canada.

It was down in the Mountains of Caroliney and it was a weddin ! There they was, the family and all the friends. The parson was just putting on the last touches, and he says "They as the Lord have jined

let no man put asunder " " Parson " says the bridegroom " I rises to question your grammer in that there sentence. I want this weddin done right ".

When the smoke clears away the bride she looks around and sees a dead parson, a dead bridegroom, a dead brother, two dead uncles and five dead weddin guests.

So she heaves a mighty strong sigh and says " Tham new-fangled self-cockin revolvers sure has played hell with my prospects ".

A NEW HAND BUT ON THE JOB

A new recruit in a Canadian Battalion which was in camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake, was on Quarter-guard. It was, of course, his first guard, but he thought he knew his duties pretty well.

He had been on for an hour and a half, ninety long minutes of weary loneliness, and was wondering why his relief was so long in coming, when through the darkness he saw a dark object moving.

" Halt ! who goes there ! " he cried.

No answer. The object moved silently on.

Twice more he challanged with the same result, so raising his rifle to his shoulder he took aim and pulled the trigger " Click ".

" Consider yourself shot " he said " and report to the Orderly Room in the morning ".

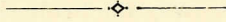
IN THE PREVAILING MODE

Now, if the file, in a rasping tone, should call the auger a bore,
And the monkey wrench a nut from the vice, would the plane just things o'er ?
If the house was full and the water drunk, would the hose reel all around ?
And if the waters could speak as they flow how would Long Island Sound ?
If you board a spell at a shore hotel is the billow that you pay ?

If a single car weighs several tons, how much does the whole subway ?
Can a scavenger be a cheerful man when he's always in the dumps ?
If the water pipes in a dance hall burst would the dancers use their pumps ?
If a Harvard corsman rows in a shell, in what does the salmon roe ?
If no grass is grown in the frozen north, what then does the Eskimo ?
If a gun missed fire, would a parachute ?
This stuff gives me a pain.
If Franklin park is a beautiful spot, why is Jamaica Plain ?
If a bullfrog wore a hobble skirt would the lily pad-and hark ?
If a thief broke into a drug store, do you think that the dogwood bark ?
If a parrot can swear can a crocus, too ?
Enough ere we all grow ill ?
This is the frivolous sort of thing that is dubbed as Daffydill.

IN THE RED CROSS TENT

Contributed by Cpl. CONSIDNA, R. C. H. A.



The fight is over ; I can sleep in peace,
For all my wounds ; death brings a sweet release,
Give me my Mothers picture in my hand
Her unseen presence here I understand.

She's waiting, Nurse, until the hour comes
(Is there a Victory ? I hear the drums)
There is, you say I'm glad, Ah God is good
So not in vain I've yielded up my blood.

You say I'm surprised ? Well no, not much
My Mothers spirit seemed with mine to touch
For when within the trench I used my gun
I plainly heard her say, " 'Tis Victory, Son ".

And like a man at deaths grip with a fiend,
I fought through weakness by the earthworks screen
Until the shell burst, and they brought me here.
Oh well ! A Victory always costs men, dear.

I'd count them small, to give my Native Land.
Is that the Flag upon the tent's white wall ?
I cannot find its blue, the shadows fall,
Only the Cross of Crimson can I see.

But it's Crimson Cross atones for me,
Forward, quick march, steady there on the right.
Prepare to charge, the enemy is in sight.
Mother of mine, come break the silver cord
And bear my wearied Spirit up to God.



SOME SHORT STORIES

— * —

(1) OVERHEARD AT POTSDAM.

Little Willie. — Papa, who was it started this war ? Do you know ?

Big Willie. — Yes, I know my son, but I cannot tell you.

L. W. — Was it cousin George ?

B. W. — No.

L. W. — Was it cousin Nicholas, Papa ?

B. W. — No my son. If you really want to know, I'll tell you. Do you remember the time Teddy Roosevelt came over here after his return from Africa ?

L. W. — Yes papa.

B. W. — Well you will remember I entertained him very well. I showed him all our immense and wonderful army, our invincible navy ; our original and unbeatable Zeppelins, our airships which are foremost in the world, our artillery which has proved so destructive in the present crisis, and our marvelous ammunition factories, with their endless supply of death dealing shells, prepared and manufactured by the most skilled workmen in the world. After viewing all these wonders, he seemed greatly impressed ; he slapped me on the back and said " Bill my boy, you could lick the World ", and I was damn fool enough to believe him.

(2) OVERHEARD IN THE VICINITY OF VERDUN, which goes to show how difficult the Crown Prince finds answering all the questions put by his little son.

Son. — How many soldiers did the British Army consist of when this war commenced Papa ?

C. P. — Only a contemptible little army of 160,000 men, my son.

Son. — And did we kill many of their men, Papa ?

C. P. — Thousands and thousands of them, my son.

Son. — How is it, Papa if we killed so many of them, that they have four Million men today.

C. P. — Run away and don't ask so many foolish questions, my son, and carry on with your training.

ECONOMY.

Mrs. Youngbride.— I've decided to change our ice man, my dear.

Mr. d° Why, what on earth for ?

Mrs. d° Oh he says he can supply much colder ice for the same money as we are paying.

TRAIN ACCIDENT.

Father to son who was meeting him at the station. I've had an awful accident my son.

Son.— Why, father, what on earth happened ? Oh I lost all my baggage, the cork came out.

Hill 63 — Jan. 1916.

You are only an aged willow,
And your trunk is gnarled and old,
If only you had the gift of speech,
You could a long story unfold.

You grew on your lonesome, no doubt
You had struggles and hardships when young
For your bed is a tough old flint road
But you strove for existence and won.

You stand like a monument, mighty
At the junction where two main roads meet
How oft have I rested when weary
On your roots above ground for a seat.

You were here when the Huns invaded
Le Petit Pont, Bailleul and Nieppe
When the children were foully murdered
And all Belgium mournfully wept.

You were here when the Huns were driven
Over Hill 63 to Messines
You saw them pressed hard by the Tommies
Who were certainly giving them beans.

You are well in the zone of shell-fire
And are bravely doing your bit
Resting the sorefooted soldier
And taking the risk of a hit.

The flares show you up in the night-time
Stray bullets cut deep holes in your bark
Yet you stand a Martyr in Flanders
"Semper Idem" Daylight or dark.

When we take the long hike to Bulford
You're sort of a Half-way House
You give us fresh strength to go onward
Saving many a curse and a grouse.

In the days to come "Après la guerre"
We will never forget you old pal
Tho' in beauty you have not a charm
Your duty you've done, and it well.

21651 Pte. Edwin Pye,
"A" Coy. 5th. Cdn. Battalion.
Hill 63, April 1916.

INTRODUCTION : —

This Tree is situated between Hyde Park Corner and "Le Petit Pont". It goes under various names, and is a noted landmark, especially among the troops, for its roots form an admirable seat. No matter what time of the day or night one passes it, some one is taking a rest.

This Poem is absolutely original and has never been published.

God bless you.

Contributed by Staff Sgt Christie.

I seek in pry'rful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor sound nor poem I have heard
Sweeter than God Bless You!

God bless you! so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses,
For can there any joy at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you! so I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you,
Nor how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis God's way to bless you.

And so, « through all thy days
May shadows touch thee never — »
But this alone — God bless thee dear —
Then art thou safe forever.

Letters to our Leaders

My dear Gen. ALDERSON,

I take this opportunity to inform you that last week i was pinched for giving sauce to my Sergt. and am now doing 10 days F. P. No 1. as I didn't give no sauce to the blooming sergt, who aint no good, will you look into this and let me off. At present I am in No 12 Detention Camp, a rotten place where they treats us like dorgs.

Yours respectfully,

Pte. LIPP,

246 Btn. Canadians.

Dear Mr. LLOYD GEORGE,

I takes my pen in 'and to ask if you can give me a job I never made shells before but my father used to fish for mussels for four years and as I 'elped 'im for 6 months I know quite a lot about shells 'oping you will reply soon.

I remain,

Yours affect

Pte. A Worker

4 th. Blankshire Reg.

Dear Lord DERBY,

I takes my pen in 'and and 'open this reaches you as it leaves me in the Pink I writes just to let you know as'ow your recruting sergts ave been after me but as I aint no good at walking I cant join the Inf. while noise makes my 'ead ache and I dont know nothing about 'orses so Calv. and Art. are out of the question and as I aint no Doctor the Medical Corps aint no go, and as my brother in the A. S. C. says 'is job is rotten I dont want to join that, but as I am very fond of boating, 'aving been to Margate twice, I may join the Royal Navee when the weather gets warm will you tell your recruting sergts. this so as they will then let off aworrying of me.

I am,

Yours truly,

'Arry 'Awkins.



THE CHARGE OF THE " CRUMB " BRIGADE

Where the simple peasant wanders
When in peace is joy and love
Where the big guns roar in Flanders
And the fire clouds break above
Where stands the hungry army
From the maple leaf arrayed
They fight in countless numbers
The Charge of the Crumb Brigade.

They bite and the red blood rushes
For they fear no human foe
With curses, groans and flushes
We scratch but the legions grow
It seems that an angry devil
Those cursed hell fiends made
On our shirts and flesh they revel
The Charge of the Crumb Brigade.

In the hour of Britain's danger
We crossed the Atlantic foam
To fight the hostile stranger
For Freedom, Love and Home
We charge and the world rings glory
The flower of the Germans fade
But in silence we tell the story
Of the Charge of the Crumb Brigade.

They tear, they bite and they plunder
We scratch, we curse and we moan
Till our flesh is rent asunder
And misery claims its own
On the winds our curses floating
While they bite on their fiendish raid
Till their stomachs are full and gloating
With the Charge of the Crumb Brigade.

There is joy and peace in Heaven
At least so the sages tell
For the wicked and unforgiven
They say there is war in Hell
But when the clouds of death hath fell
And the judgment seal is made
I would face the fire of a raging hell
Than the Charge of a Crumb Brigade.

Sgt. W. A. CRAIG,
13 th. Cdn. Battn.
1st. Cdn. Divn.

What do you Think ?

Colonel. — (To M. P. who as arrested a man on a charge of Drunkenness) — And are you quite sure Corpl.... the prisoner was drunk.

M. P. — Well. I am not certain Sir, but when I found him in Trafalgar Square, he was throwing his Swagger Stick into one of the fountains and trying to induce one of the stone lions to go in and fetch it for him.

Territorial. — (On Sentry duty for first time) “ Halt! who goes there ?”

Friend. — Sentry — “ Advance friend and give the countersign
“ Waterloo ” pass friend and all’s well ”.

Medical Board

Doctor to Pte. Swinglead. — Well my man what is the matter with you?

Pte. Swinglead. — I don’t feel well at all doctor, everything I eat flies to my stomach, and I am spitting wind.

Doctor. — How did you find yourself this morning ?

P. S. — Well I just opened my eyes and there I was.

Doctor (rather puzzled to orderly). — Give him a Number 9.

Orderly — We have none, Sir.

Doctor (impatiently). — Well give him a couple of fours and owe him one.

Worse Than That

Orderly Officer. — Any complaints men ?

Pte. Grouse. — Yes Sir smell this meat.

O. Off. — Well upon my word I believe this meat is just on the TURN.

Pte. Grouse (ex-Jockey). — On the turn Sir. I think it is half way up the stretch.

We Should Like to Know

When the next number of the *La Vie Canadienne* is coming out.

The type-setter on the Ottawa Free Press who promoted one of our Sergeants.

The names of the two mysterious, veiled ladies who visit our camp Sunday afternoons, and just who they come to see.

When Hank Ford is coming back to finish the war.

Who put the meat in the roast-beef we had for supper the other night.

And if it is the same person who dropped some currants in the bread pudding.

Who started this war, and who will finish it.

Which sergeant of the Orderly Room Staff imagines himself to be a first class Lady Killer, and do results show.



Things Unlikely to Happen

Our Quartermaster being out without his riding crop.

Our Camp Sergeant-Major straining his voice.

A S/Sgt. friend of ours getting a permanent girl.

Some worthy members of Kiltie Regiments ever acquiring a Scotch accent.



Society Notes

Great interest was recently taken, in the promise of a certain member of this camp, to entertain his friends to dinner.

In fact he had gone so far as to issue the invitations which took the form of a menu, and when such items as roast pork (if found) and French chicken (if found) were fully understood, it would have been

hard to find a more popular member of society than our friend. In fact we hear that for days he was pestered with invitations to "Have a Pint", and one household, or rather tent full, went so far as to lay in a stock of Canteen beer, unbeknown to the authorities, in the hopes of been favoured with an invitation.

Everything was going on apace, when the Camp Cooks being found incapable of cooking the luxuries well, the same were taken to an Imperial Army Cook, who, owing to (strains) of work, was forced to refuse, by doing so, he lost a good customer, and at the same time caused unpleasant enquiries to be started, with the result, that the genial host has had to postpone his Feast, as His Majesty has required his presence on some work, which we understand, will keep him actively employed for some twenty one days.

THUMSUP.

Only Too True

Yankee to Englishmen, after reading an account of the recent battle :

SOME Fight ?

Englishmen (in reply)

Yes, and *SOME* dont !!

Rumours

It is rumoured that Major Murray has secured the services of the Rev (Capt) Hiley, the O. C. and Doc Rogers to tour New-Brunswick, après la guerre, as Evangelists.

It is rumoured that J. R. C. is to be married — Dont make it too sudden, Jack !!!

It is not true that our O. C. is to start in the poultry business after the war, although he is fond of both, rabbits and chickens !!

The rumour is now going round that numbers of our orchestra are looking forward to a position in the London Opera when they get back (if ! !).

It is rumoured that peace will be declared on September 1st. 1916. Who threw that brick !!

The rumour that members of the Orderly Room Staff are going up the line, is generally only current when the Havre train gets in.

It is rumoured that the member of the Orderly Room Staff who frequently takes conducting trips to Rouen — will not come back alone one day.

Our Crack Football Team

Our Officers and men throughout the camp are immensely pleased with the fine records which our football (association) team is making in its encounters with the picked teams of the Imperial Camp.

We are all aware of the high ability of the Britisher in this favorite sport; and therefore take pride in announcing that out of 27 matches played this year we have lost only 2 — and these by the narrow average of 3 to 2.

The Training Camp Football Grounds have been the scene of these contests since the opening of the summer, and we will continue the sport up to the end of autumn. Conventional ideas of proper and improper seasons for certain sports have no sway here.

Such famous units as the Durham Light Infantry, the Ulster Division, Remount Depots, Guards, and London Divisions and the whole of the Artillery stationed at the Imperial Camp have matched themselves with us, so we feel no hesitation in welcoming all comers. "Let 'em all come".

The line-up of the team is as follows :

Sgt-Major Dugan, Cpl. Dewar, L/C Mc Greggor, Pte. Storrier, Sgt-Major Smith, Pte. Cairns, Pte. Jones, Staff-Sgt. Christie, R. S. M. Burney (Captain). Sgt. Goodyear, Cpl. Elpick and Pte. Pickup.

